THE
LIGHT OF TRUTH

— OR —

SIDDHANTA DEEPIKA.

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TRANSLATION.

SAIVA SAMAYA NERI.

— OR —

The code of the Siva Religion,

— BY —

Maraignana Sambanthar.

This book systematises the Rituals of the Saiva Religion as found in the various Saiva *Agamas* or tantras and is invaluable to the student of the Saiva Religion. The original is in Kural Metre, but the Tamil is very simple and graceful. Not much is known about the author except that he was one of the Sanyasins attached to the mutt of Tiruvavaduthurai. But the book shows his vast erudition and thorough knowledge of the Agamic lore. The book will throw considerable light on our daily observances and practices, and it will help us to correct *our notions* when they are wrong, and improve them if need be. We send forth this volume fully hoping that this will be of the greatest use to our readers,

INVOCATION AND PREFACE.

1. நல்லார் தொழும் வெண்ணெய்நல்லூர்ச் சிவாலய
   த்தூட், பொல்லார்தாள் யாஞ்சூடும்போது.

   The Feet of Pollappilliar dwelling in the Holy Shrine at Tiruvennainallur worshipped by all good men are the flowers we adorn our head with.

2. உலசமும் பல்லுயிரும்ஒன்றிநிறைந்தோங்கி,
   இலகும்சிவ னெம்மிறை. The world and souls pervading close and yet transcending all,
   Shines Siva, our Lord He is.

3. The one, yet over the five functions, the Powers five, Dwells she in the Souls, Her feet we will adore.

4. We will behold and worship with fragrant flowers the Feet of the Elephant God who destroys the sorrows of His devotees.

5: We will closely meditate on the Feet of the Victorious Kumara who showed His grace to the Gods by removing their dif...

6. We will worship with fragrant flowers the Feet of the gracious Nandi who is the Lord of the God's hosts.

7. We will place on our head the lotus feet of Sanat kumara, the son of the four faced God, Brahma.

8. We will place on our head the flowery feet of other Munis, and throw away our sins.

9. We will meditate on the sacred feet of the Mother of Karikal who enjoyed the Sacred Dance of our God with the eye of Grace.

10. We will always meditate on the feet of the Brahmin child (Gnanasambantha) who gave the sacred ashes to the king of Pandi and removed his fever.

11. We will place on our head the feet of Vakisa, who became great by crowning his head with the Foot of Paramasiva, and cast away our sins.

12. We will meditate on the Feet of him (St Sundara) who compelled the king of Death to bring back the child from the mouth of the alligator.

13. We will place the twin feet of the True Bhakta whose song brought the immaculate One to come on His Steed.

14. We will place the Feet of Maligai Thaver and other sweet singers on our head.

NOTE.

These are the authors of the *Tiruvisaippa* (திருவிசைப்பா.) and their names are:—Maligai Thevar (1), Karuvur Thevar (2), Nambiandar Nambi (3), Gandaraditya Devar, (4), Venattadigal (5), Tiruvali Amudar (6), Purushottamar, (7) Ilamperúmanadigal (8). Séthirayar (9) Sèndar (10), Adiravadigal (11), Kalladar, (12), Pattinathu Pillayar(13)

15. Let us worship with a gladsome heart the Feet of the Saints, who knowing the world to be false attached themselves to the Golden feet of God.

16. Let us meditate on the Feet of Maikanda Deva, of Tiruvannai nallur. Let us bow to him and praise him and delight in him.

17. Let us meditate on the Golden feet of the wise-seers who believed in an Eternal Siva who dwells in all souls.

18. Let the Kine, the Brahmans and God's devotees, the Devas, prosper.

19. Let the just king who bears the burdens of this world prosper. Let the rains fall in abundance and delight the Earth.

NOTE.

The Truly Great Soverigns feel as much for the sorrows of their people as the people themselves and what nobler examples of such do we possess than our late sovereign and our present King-Emperor.

20. Let them prosper well on earth who first feed the great to the best of their ability and eat afterwards.

21. Let them prosper, crowned with fame, who feed without exception whoever comes at noon-tide.

22. Let them enter heaven who give with love gold to the devoteees who build and repair temples of the Lord.

23. Let them reach Sivam who do such work with the money given by those who seek salvation.

24. With the desire of enlightening others, we will compose this treatise entitled *Saiva Samaya Neri* gathering our materials from the Saiva Agamas.

25. The sins of the people are cured by the sight of the Guru. The faults of our treatise will be removed by the sight of the learned.

26. As the sun shines every where, so let this treatise shine every where. This will remove the dark *mala* and give blessedness to souls.

Acharya Lakshana.

1. We will give together the characteristics of the Acharya and others. Let them who care to remove their defects carefully read and ascertain the truth.

2. These will be born and be found in the countries bordering the nine sacred rivers.

3. The chif among will be those born in the Superior four castes.

NOTE.

According to this, those who are eligible to become gurus and teachers are not confined to the *Brahmin* caste alone but every one of the four castes, Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaisya, and Sudra can become a teacher if he is otherwise qualified. This requires to be clearly and fully noted as the common and fallacious belief that only Brahmans alone are entitled to teach is only too well fastered by interested people and by some of the Indian religious sects. But this is opposed to the real spirit of the oldest Indian Codes and Hindu religion. The arguments contained in the following texts of the Agamas are quite telling.

Says Suprabheda Agama :

"Brahmans, Kshatryas, Vaishyas and Sudras can alone become Acharyas, and none others".

Says Kanda Kolottara Agama :

"Even stones duly consecrated can confer both wordly and Heavenly Bliss. If stones can become *Sivam*, how can any one say that Sudras cannot become so".

Says Saiva Purana :

"All the four castes, who giving up worldly studies, study Saiva Sastras can become the praised Acharyas".

(To be continued).

J. M. N.

What cause is Brahmah ?

The objects of this seen world are measured with forur different means of counting with numbers, of weighing with scales and of measuring with measures, and yards, so the unseen Supreme Being will also be measured to a certain extent, with some logical measurements for obtaining a correct knowledge of Him; of these measurements of reasoning, *Inference* (Anumanapramana) plays an important part, to establish the truth of concealed principles, styled in revealed works. Now *Inference* is that by which we deduce the existence of some concealed truth, from the reason of its being in coincidence of some known truth. This universe, which undergoes three changes—origin, development and decay must possess a cause on the rule that "Every effect will not spring without a cause."

It (the case) must be an eternal taintless being combined with perfect essence of wisdom. That *Supreme Being* is called *Brahma* or *Hara*.

Now, *cause* will always proceed and bring about, the *effect*. It will produce nothing but the effect. We generally reason from *effect* to *cause*. If so, "what is the *effect* the cause of which we seek for." ? The answer is very easy : i.e. the universe which is spoken of as he, she, and it, is the effect. The nature of the title question itself has in its womb the existence of some other causes other than the Brahma which is also a cause. According to the true system of philosophy there are three causes (1) *Material* cause, *Instrumental* cause, (3) and *efficient* cause.

(1) Material cause is that which is always the same in quality with those produced from it.

(2) Instrumental cause is that which stands in connection with the material cause until the effect is produced.

(3) Efficient cause is that which is capable of producing the desired result, by using the other to causes. Without these three causes no effect will be produced.

As for instance, let us take a pot and see how does it bear with these three causes. No doubt from our actual experience we come to know that the pot is made up of by a potter from the tenacious clay with the assistance of his wheel. But for the wheel and the clay the pottor cannot complete his object. In this respect the other two in themselves, no doubt, are also the same.

By taking the above example in view let us consider the causes with regard to the universe of two-fold nature *intelligent* and *non-intelligent*. The intelligent orb is called " sat " (that which is permanent) and the non-intelligent circle which is termed as " asat " (non ego or matter) is changeable. Now let us construe the latter and ask ourselves *Whence the material world came* and whether it is an entity or not?

Let us treat the two queries together. Trust-worthy testimonials of revealed works possitively assert the existence of *Maya* the cosmic original, which supplies form and matter for the universe and which has the force that can be made to revolve and to involve. This invisible force of original cause (maya) when actuated, becomes visible, as in a tree of a seed. From an unreal cause no real effect can be expected. Further from the suitable cause only the right effect, can be produced; for we cannot produce oil from mud but we can sesamum. But from the direct inference based on the well known axioms that, " Every thing must come out of something " and that " Eevery production must be akin to its primordial source " we come to conclude by inferenc, that the non-intelligent world might have been sprung from some thing, whose quaities would be the same as the material universe. That *something* we call as *Maya*.

How do people who infer from one source, (the universe, which is an effect) the existance of one entity (god), (among the two possible entities), absurdly deny the other entity (Maya).

Let us suppose that the material universe is evolved from that all intelligent Supreme Being and see whether it possesses His real nature, that is, the quality of being a *chit*. Uufortunately it is not so. It is simply a *Sadam* (Achit). If at all the universe is evolved from Him, He must be a Chit and Achit at the same time.

It violates the rule that the contrary qualities cannot be attributed to a single object in one and the same time. If it is argued that the one portion of His essence is *chit* and the other portion *achit*, then we attribute a form to him and seek a cause for it and so the quality of his being a Supreme spirit, is ruined.

If it is argued, by his omnipotency he can create without a cause, then we may ask " Whence He can create? This would baffle people to answer. What is omnipotency? It is the all possible supreme power to execute proper incidents, without any hindrance at all in the way. Can He without changing the huge dimensions of a mountain, cause to enter into a small mustard seed. No, not in the least. It is not detrimental in any way to His *supreme power*. If this is detrimental we may as well say, that He is powerless in creating an eternal being like Himself and in destroying His own essence.

So, such kinds of frivolous disputations cannot be accepted by those who have understood fully the true principles of *satcariavatha*. Thus we come to know that even in case He requires the use of material cause, it is in no way detrimental to His omnipotency. So we judge the *Maya* is not created from any thing by any being, that is " It is an entity in itself, " for objects that are unreal do not come into visible beings. This *Maya* is styled as the material cause.

But in opposition to the above views some sectarians divulge the material world as nonentity or delusions. But by close attention to the above arguments this will evidently seem to be a wrong conjecture. They use the meaning-less technicalities (illusion) to fill up the deep gap. But it is of no avail for a reasoning mind.

Now let us pass on to the instrumental cause as regards the universe. It is the power of the supreme being, the *Kria Sakti*, which evolves the universe

(which can be made to involve into, at the time of all destruction) from its undifferentiated state (the cosmic original) *maya*. No body will deem to deny the God's power.

Now Brahma or Hara is the only *Supreme Being* without the second. He is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. He is the knowledge of knowledges. He is pure. He is undivided and indivisible. He is the life of lives. He is the supreme Bliss. He posseses no signs no quality in His true essence. He is saturated with His "Saktis" which can be likened to the beams of the sun. He is *all* but *all* is not *He*.

Now we have before us the three principles 1. Maya, 2. Brahm and 3 His powers. We conclude that the all intelligent Brahm (Potter) takes matter (mud) from the Maya, creates the universe (Pot) with His power (Sakti), to satisfy the necessary wants of the demandants (souls) who are imperfect from their being in conjunction with (Anava mala) the eternal ignorance that binds them (souls) and for washing of the same the three actions of origin, development and decay are brought about by Him.

Now Brahma is to the universe as the potter to a pot. Potter is neither the instrumental nor the material cause to the pot. What then he? *No* doubt he is the remaining efficient cause. Then what cause is Brahma? The same cause the efficient cause to the universel.

May Parabrahma Bless all !!!

S. PALVANNA MUDALIAR.

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Why denounce the Hindu as ignorant Idolator *

People talk glibly every now and then of the average Hindu as an out-and out idolator, and many of our friends who indulge in undisguised contempt and sneer of popular Hinduism forget for the nonce that they themselves do not exactly boast of having attained a higher spiritual level than their less fortunate brethren.

Idolatry or Imagery is in our opinion the wharp and whoof of all infant religions. You could never get rid of anthropomorphic ideas of God so long as you are a man. In other words you are so constituted that you cannot help thinking of God as man minus his imperfections. The history of the evolution of all religions bears ample testimony to this. One may talk as much as he likes of God as pure spirit;but all the time he is thinking of his spirit as only a finer counterpart of the human body itself.

The Hindu is honest enough to tell you that it is a physical impossibility with him to worship God except through a Symbol or physical representation of the creator.

He also wishes to be distinctly understood that it is by no means the *image* that he bows down his head to a God Supreme, but that he regards the idol as a peg to hang his spiritual ideas on. The child for the first time wishes to stand on its legs and you give it a support. When he can do without it you don't need to give any extraneous help. This is I think the rationale in brief of Hindu Idolatry.

And we wish to know if our critics have realized God in spiritual communion already and if so whether they can teach us in earnest such realization. There is a war of feelings and passions raging in the breast of man always and his mind is incessantly at work in newer and newer inventions which are supposed to add to his happiness on Earth. And in the midst of this terrible struggle for life and survival of the fittest as they say, where is room we ask for the display of Love, Divine Love, and self sacrifice for the benefit of the weak and ignorant ocean of men and women. Is it likely that we can serve both mammon and God at once and attain in such vain endeavour the Peace that passeth all understanding.

* The reader is referred to the English translation of Sivagnanabotham by Mr. J. M. Nallaswami Pillai B. A., B.L, where he has discussed the pros and cons of this question in his notes to the sixth sutra. The reader will also learn much by a perusal of the excellent Tamil book brought out by the late Sri La Sri Somasundra Nayagar of Madras entitled '*Archadipam*' in which this question is also more fully treated.——The Editor.

Chirst no doubt taught that the *Kingdom of Heaven is within us*: but we dare say he did not mean that we should worship the creation of our own Imagination.

There is some stability with the physical idol: but is there any about the creation of our own erring mind. How can we *know* God, as all knowledge implies *helpless limitation* and how can we speak in Baby language of the Infinite-all. So then thiest, monothiest or poly thiest:—no matter : it is all the same. Humanity could barely make an attempt and how feeble it generally turns out to be—to comprehend the incomprehensible-and as a matter of course it is not till Perfect Peace is attained and you are one with the almighty Father of all that you can hope to attain true wisdom on Earth.

The Hindus have preserved all the various steps of the ladder of religion and of them even those who have attained their goal have not chosen to kick it away as they realised full well how useful it would prove for those who will have to scale up the heights of Godhead hereafter.

V. M. S.

His Holiness the late Swami Vivekananda.

The news of the demise of Swami Vivekananda comes as a sudden blow to one and all of us who have evinced of late any interest in the revival of Hindu Religion and Philosophy. On the 4th July, the Swami it would appear returned from a short walk, took suddenly ill and expired in a few minutes in the arms of his admirers. The Swami had been no doubt confined to his bed for months with some disease which had been eating into his vitals but nobody would appear to have anticipated his passing away so quickly from our midst in almost the prime of manhood as the Swami was just verging on his 39th year at the moment of his death.

The Swami's magnetic personality and unsurpassed eloquence and earnestness is a matter of world-wide fame and it is feared it would be very hard to fill his place for a long time to come.

True, there are many Hindus of different persuasions who may not subscribe in toto to all that the Swamy ever said on subjects of Religion. Philosophy: but still there is no denying that India is now very much indebted to him for the noble work he had done for years both here and abroad in the interest of motherland and the Sanante Dharma. But as recently as 20 years ago there were scarcely 5 per cent of even so called educated Hindus who knew anything of their own religion or anything else to boot. And even in the civilized continents of Europe and America Atheism and Agnosticism were beginning to predominate in the minds of thinking men and women to the prejudice of Religious and Philosophical thought and we are sure that thousands will bear honest testimony to our statement that Vivekananda contributes not a little to raising the mind of man from Matter to Spirit.

We join heartily with tens of thousands of others in sincerely expressing our grief openly for the loss that India and the civilized world have sustained in the death of the late revered Swami.

V. M. SWAMI, B. A.

RELIGION, THE IMPORTANT PROBLEM OF LIFE.

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नमो ब्रह्मणे । श्रीरस्तु

There are many things in our lives the real nature of which is not clearly known. Nevertheless we are obliged to talk about them and to deal with them as though we know every thing about them. It is true that a practical work-a-day knowledge is enough in many cases and it may be said that work-a-day knowledge is not wide or deep. But none the less it ought to be clear and accurate as far

as it goes: else it cannot make for use. Therefore it is but meet that we open our eyes and look in the face of several things that we have to do with in the full light of our understanding and try to know them as they are, at all events as they appear to us to be. It is very easy to be intellectually mendacious: but to an erect mind nothing can be more repugnant.

Of the numerous problems of life which press for their solution at the hands of each one of us, Religion is perhaps the most important. If consensus of weighty opinion running through the wide centuries be taken as an indication of the importance of this matter, Religion has the most undisputed claim to be called the one absorbing interest of man. It is true that various other interests have of late entered the lists to claim for a recognition of their own importance. But in spite of all the clamour that is raised, the claimants are still kept at bay, while religion is still recognised as the master of the field. It is wonderful indeed how it has succeeded in keeping its place against such determined attacks especially when we consider that there are so many different forms of religions in the world and some of them in a very low state of culture. For if the humbler form of it would be proved to be provisional and made by purely human causes the same arguments could be, *priori,* urged against the more refined ones also. The result must be, religion ought to have long been dethroned from men's hearts. But it is far otherwise; though it is in some quarters exiled from men's reason, it is not yet dethroned from men's hearts.

Under such circumstances, it will not be waste of time, it is hoped, to sift the ground about this question and consider its essential nature so that we might have that practical work-a-day knowledge of it without which we cannot live a complete life. If our religion be only reluctant let-goism in deference to female superstition or cowardly conformity to existing habits—alike the out-come of mental decrepitude, it is time that it should be once for all said so: that the few erect souls that are beginning their lives may not be dazzled into conformity by any mistaken notion of it, universality, or duped into superstition for less intellectual motives. Therefore let us try to inquire into its essential nature. The subject is indeed vast and requires a mastery of thought which I cannot lay claim to. But yet for men in my stage of culture, and for myself in particular, the attempt will not be barren of results. It can at least make me concious of the elements of my moral balance whereof religion is taken to be such an important factor and if others could be stimulated to make a like search into their hearts, the writer's wishes will be more than fulfilled. But from those whose stage of culture is higher, nothing but kind indulgence is craved.

What is religion? What factors go to make our fundamental conception of it? This is the question we have to answer at the very outset of all inquiry into religion. Though an answer to it involves the subject matter of the whole paper, yet a provisional conception is required for its subsequent development and clear enunciation.

If we pass in review before our mind all the religions of the world we find that, much as they differ in several particulars, they all agree in a few definite points. We must, at the outset, state clearly what those definite points are; the object of which is, if anywhere we find the term religion used so as not to include those points, we might discard it as not having the impress of general recognition. The points that seem to me to differentiate every religion are:—

(1) That it is a philosophy of life.

(2) That it looks to the future more than to the present.

(3) That it has a vesture of ceremonies.

(4) That it is a social bond.

(5) That it demands support and sacrifice from its adherents.

The mere statement of these propositions is enough to carry conviction into the heart that they are the

chief elements in the fundamental conception of all religion.

Now religion affects the individual in so far as it is a philosophy of life, looking more to the future than to the present. And as the individual is not alone in society, his *Philosophy of life* by that law of nature by which every thing internal strives to find for it a place in the external, attracts groups of other individuals and religion gets socialised. To impress the heart and imagination and awaken men's memory, rites and sacraments get organized round it and thus what I have called *the vesture of ceremonies* is given to it. Thus organised and set up it becomes a considerable social force curbing the very individuals from whose internal nature it originated and demanding from them obedience and sacrifice like any other institution in the world.

This conceive as the essential feature of all religion. The philosophy of life itself might play but a minor part in it, as in the case of Zoroastrianism; and in the philosophy there might be no provision for a god; for instance, Buddhism is *Godless:* but it is one of the greatest religions of the world. According to my conception, therefore, religion has a double aspect, its social and individual aspect and in studying it we must steadily fix our gaze on both. To use the term religion metaphorically to refer to individual conceptions alone, however impressive sometimes, does not seem to be quite legitimate. We can indeed say of any absorbing passion of a man as the religion of such and such. But this use of the term is clearly different from the common one.

Before we proceed further we have to say a few words as regards the present-day attacks of Science on Religion. Unless the ground is cleared by an open statement of the attacks and the defence, there will always be in the mind some lingering doubts as to the absurdity or at least the inadequacy of what may be said subsequently. There is nothing like an unreserved statement of objections and even if some of them could not be answered, we might know, by having a clear notion of them how far the question will be affected by want of an adequate answer to them.

The first objection of Science is as regards supernatural *existence.* This objection was very strongly urged in the Eighteenth century. It took the form of objections to the miracles which formed and which still form so large a part of orthodox religious beliefs. Miracles were considered as interference with the law of the world and as such were discredited as impossible. They argued in the beginning that even on the hypothesis of a supreme supernatural Being that His continual interferences with the affairs of the world could not be reconciled with the Universality of the laws of the world; for with the lapse of time and devolopment of Science, this conception of the Universality of Natural laws became firmer and with it belief in miracles, as miracles themselves, steadily declined. Then Scientists went to the length of denying the existence of a supernatural essence at all in life so that ultimate analysis hopes to account for all Vital and Spiritual activity from purely physical causes. In the middle of the present century the scientific world was thrown into a ferment by the unlooked for discoveries and developments in several departments of theoretical and applied science and the ardour of youth and pride of success gave them vast ambitions. They aspired to analyse and find out, as in a chemist's laboratory, the very essence of life and ultimately even create *man* as artificial rainbow is produced by an electric machine Mr. Shelly's Frankeinstien is only one of the pictures of the attempts that were made to realize this astounding ardour. But as Bacon would say a little deeper diving into the ocean of Knowledge has sobered men's imagination and calmed their hopes. Our Scientific Lions such as Spencer and Huxley have already sounded the retreat and science has not *positively* succeeded in showing that the supernatural is a hoax. The negative arguments are still no doubt urged. But negative arguments cannot carry conviction to impartial minds. Even these negative arguments are

now losing favour in high quarters. The Society for Psychic Researches is unearthing wonderful incidents concerning post-mortal existences in the very face of of scientists and by the application of their very methods of inquiry. Numerous mystic and occultic societies, are started afresh and the religions and the philosophies of the world are ransacked for a comparative study. There seems to be even in scientific Europe a tendency to unsay what has been said or at least to put on a reserve in the attack of Religion. Therefore much of the antagonistic attitude of science to Religion is only a tradition now. But this change of front is not yet understood by the common people. The irreligious among them openly shout out this old out-of-date war-cry of science and claim for themselves the strength of reason. But they have to learn that science is no more their friend. The pioneers in the higher regions of science have shown that the supernatural itself is streaming out from the midst of the natural. The bridge that connects the natural and the super-natural is their consumption of energy. It is known that there are forms of energy whose effects are of every day occurrence but which cannot be referred to any of the physical sources. The energy of will, the energy of intellect and the energy of life do not seem to depend upon any physical equivalents. In one man, expenditure of a certain quantity of food and physical stuff, produces a certain amount of vital, intellectual and spritual energy : but the same in another produces altogether a different proportion of it. If the physical world be the source of all energy, we cannot understand the difference between one man and another. This of itself is enough to indicate the existence of super natural power. But there is even in the physical plane evidence of a very scientific nature for the existence of such a power. Prof Tait, in his treatise on Matter which he has contributed to the international Scientific Series, has called attention to the disproportionate manifestation of energy in the atoms of bodies. If mere scientific causes have produced the world as it is, we must expect an adequacy between the results produced and the causes that go to produce them. For example, in making a mountain, only so much of cosmic force ought to have flowed as would have compassed that end and no more. But what we actually find is that there is such a waste of energy in Nature. Prof. Tait has calculated that in every unit of space there flows through incessantly an amount of energy enough to destroy, if given out, a vast country. He himself confesses that it is a wonder how this vast store of energy passes on without producing much havoc. In the face of such a confession, is it really fantastic to say that *in the Lord is the stay of the world and if He but lets go His protecting hand for a moment, down, down will go the world and all its fair creatures will be crushed ?* Again the vortex theory of matter lends such a countenance to the old world symbolic representations of world's evolution and the serpent, as Theosophy has succeeded in showing, is only a symbol for the spiral motion of matter in its upward movement at the breath of primeval energy. Mrs. Annie Besant's *Building of the Cosmos* describes clearly the attitude of science as regards the highest cosmology of the ancient religions of the world such as these of Egypt and India. Thus on the score of supernatural existence or super natural interference, the old arguments of science betray a want of up to date knowledge. A second objection of science is however much more weighty. Granted that there is a supernatural power, what efficacy can there be in religion as an institute ? The essential part of religion as an institute is *ceremonies* and ceremonies have reference to *prayer*. Can prayer have any efficacy in the face of the Universality of laws ? As the skeptic doctor in one of Tennyson's late ballads has said *can prayer set a broken leg,* the supernatural power itself works by laws and what can prayer avail in the ignorance of the laws ?

This objection seems to be unassailable. Many a religion which has held a pronounced opinion on this point, has to leave its ground in the face of this objection; perhaps Christianity is one of such religions. The Christians could not satisfactorily vindicate their

prayers against such an attack. Even men like Ruskin, of whose or-thodoxy nothing need be said, have had a fling at this. The Church's supreme regard for *Psalm singing* and *prayer*, they do not applaud. To beg for a favour when we can work for the possession of it is mean and noble souls despise it. Children must ask and get, but men must work and obtain. Higher religions have recognised this and according to them prayer takes a different form. It does not ask for blessings: it only praises and meditates. Even the repetition of a God's name a hundred times is less demoralizing than a whining prayer for giving this and that. God knows best what we want more than ourselves and to pester Him with petition for revising his judgment is to sit in judgment over the Judge Himself. Higher Religions have once for all recognized this and according to them prayers are the several stages for perfecting the spiritual side of man and nothing more. This weighty objection of science at best falls on only a few religions which are still in a towerstage. Indeed Christianity itself made an attempt to throw off this spirit which it has inherited from its Hebraic birth: but it has not been quite successful. The very *Lord's Prayer* does not satisfy the Soul. Perhaps from long habit it carries no mark of dissatisfaction in English. But when it is translated into Tamil, the suggestion of dignity is removed. So that it cannot express the aspiration of all men alike whatever their culture. As a set off against this I can refer to the Hindu Sahasra Nama, *the thousand names* of God. People who have no idea of them will imagine that the list is made up of some unmeaning proper names. But the truth is that every name sends forth a world of suggestions. Puranic, Physical, Psychic, that the names when read out stand for so many material, moral, mental and spritual incidents. So that the mind is broadened, the soul is purged and the spirit is chastened and purified. Science can have no objection to such a prayer at all. For men, of course, in lower stages of culture, a coarse form of prayer is enough.

Again the very nature of scientific causation can not throw light on the cause which religion contemplates. Scientific causation is either a statement of the law of equivalence, or of antecedence. The cause which religion contemplates is altogether of a different kind. It is of the same kind as Human will: As man's will can bring into existence things not already found, so there ought to be a cause, Reli-gion says, whereby the very scientific laws are set to work. Mr. Crozier, in his admirable treatise on *Civilization and progress* has clearly shown that mere faith in scientific causation is not adequate to bring discredit on the ultimate cause according to Religion. He contends that even the universality of scientific laws themselves, is a metaphysical conception for which there is not enough of scientific certitude, but upon which scientific certitude depends. Induction, the very instrument of science, rests its certitude on the firmer basis of Intuition. But for intuition, induction would only stop at the collection of materials: The guess or the flash that brings in the general conception from the particulars is of the Soul and therefore is metaphysical in its origin.

Compte has elaborately set forth indeed as theory of 'The laws of wills and causes" and thereby he imagined that he had dethroned the deity. He has pointed out in a masterly analysis of the part played by the religions of the world that in the absence of right knowledge as to the causes of phenomena independent wills were conceived as causing them but, as knowledge advanced the independent wills assumed became fewer and fewer, till at last in the day of Positivism, he hoped no more room would be left for the hypothesis of wills as cause and therefore the deity would disappear from religion. His Historical illustrations give a colouring to the whole theory and the actual existence of *Fetichism*, *Polytheism* and *Monotheism* lent countenance to his prophesy as to the possibilities of *positivism*; but now as it is more than half-a-century since he enunciated his law and the positivist stage still lies as far off as ever, even though he hoped for its

realizaton in a few years, we have to look upon his interpretation of the religions of the world with some diffidence. For it is easy to fit in the past to any theory sufficiently ingeneous. Moreover we have already seen how the meaning of cause as used, in science is different from that used in Religion. If Compte's arguments can prove that all phenomena of the world can be referred to their Scientific causes; their cause in the metaphysical sense will still be unknown. And it is this Ultimatum in existence that the basis of Religion and science has not ousted it from its everlasting pedestal nor is it likely from a priori grounds ever to do it. So our inquiry into religion is not merely a bootless excursion into moonshine. It has a solid basis as solid as any thing else and I hope we shall not be disturbed by lingering doubts as to the absolute reality of all this structure in the course of our subsequent inquiry by returning doubts concerning the security of the basis.

(To be Continued)

G. KASTURI RUNGIENGAR, M. A.

Madras and the University Commission.

An attempt has been made, and re-echoed in some quarters, to allay the fears of the people of this province by asserting that the University Commission is merely following the lines already laid down by the Madras University and that our local patriots and penny-a-liners need not be in hysterics to join the Bengal agitators in their strenuous opposition to the recommendations of the University Commission. A careful investigation of the proposed changes will convince the impartial readers of your valuable journal that Madras is at least affected as much as, if not more, than other provinces. And it is incumbent upon the authorities of Colleges, school going population and their guardians to set their face against such revolutionary changes by holding meetings, sending in memorials and representing their grievances to the powers-that-be and they should not let this occasion slip under the delusion that the proposals of the Commission will not materially change the present condition of education in Southern India.

The most prominent question that concerns the indigenous institutions of this land is the astounding resolution to abolish those Second-Grade Colleges which cannot rise to the position of First-Grade Colleges. It may not be the intention of the government to discourage higher education altogether in India. They may honestly propose to give to the natives of this country a sound liberal education; but it is very doubtful whether the means adopted by the Commission will secure the ends they have in view. All the native colleges in Southern India with the single exception of the Madras Pachayappa's College are all Second-Grade Colleges and they are at present well managed and tolerably fulfill the purposes for which they are meant. For a long time to come, most of these colleges, either from want of fund or other causes, cannot hope to rise to the position of First-Grade Colleges. If these are to revert to the position of High Schools, will not a death blow be aimed at the root of higher education in this part of the country? The majority of those who have matriculated in the moffusil will feel timorous to put in a course of four years' study in metropolitan towns or their poverty will not allow them to such costly education and luxury of a presidency town. If the Second-Grade Colleges are efficiently manned and fulfill the purposes they are intended for, what necessity is there for their abolition?

The divorce of High Schools from Colleges is another fatal blow to the existence of many a college in this part of the country. Except the government institutions, other colleges depend upon the High Schools for their support. The surplus funds of the High Schools help in the management of Colleges. The High Schools serve as feeders to Colleges both in respect of supplying students and money.

The people of Madras are proverbially poor and any rise in the scale of college fees will be most undesirable and detrimental to the interests of education. In this question the people of this province

will be more affected than their richer neighbours of Bengal or Bombay. They cannot so liberally untie the strings of their purse and they will rather have to trust to their brains. Already in most of the colleges maximum fees are demanded and if there be any further increase, the school-going population of this country will be unable to bear the burden and will be compelled to stop their education before finishing their course. True it is, Scholarships may open the way for a few deserving poor; but those of moderate means and abilities will see the gates of the University shut against them. Rich and undeserving will be cleared off this obstacle. Some exception may be made in favour of some institutions which may benovelently undertake to impart education to the poor. We, who are behind the scenes, know what it means. Under the new conditions, only the Government and influential Missionary institutions will thrive and native colleges will, in due course of time, die a natural death.

The curriculam of the Matriculation Examination as recommended by the Commission requires the student to get 40 per cent in English, and 35 per cent in other three subjects. Any student who gets 5 per cent less in any one subject, if he has scored a fair number of marks in the other subjects, will have a chance of getting through. As far as the curriculam is concerned the students of this Presidency will not be much affected; but there are other changes proposed which will certainly tell upon them. No student can appear before attaining the age of 15; he cannot appear more than thrice; a classical language ought to be brought up instead of the Vernacular usually taken up and last, but not least, a matriculate is not eligible for government service. These points require mature and deliberate consideration at the hands of our countrymen and there should be a full discussion upon them. Those who aspire for some education in the hope of getting into government service will give up the idea of educating themselves when they see the Government is not likely to favour them. Dr. Bain in his learned dissertation which was afterwards printed in the form of a book, says that *means* sometimes take the place of *ends*. A man may earn money for bodily comforts, honor or fame; but he may afterwards turn out a miser and love the money for money's sake. This is a degradation of the end and an elevation of the means. A student at first aims at government service, adopts education as a means; but he may afterwards love education for itself. This is certainly a degradation of the low ends which it deserves and an elevation of the means. The Government should not discourage such students who may not have noble ideals at first. In place of the school final examination, the Matriculation may be allowed as a passport for government service.

The introduction of Classics and the abolition of Vernaculars is another peculiar feature of the recommendations of the University Commission which will affect Southern India more than other provinces. In the First in Arts examination of other Indian Universities a classical language is compulsory. In the Madras University alone Vernaculars were allowed as alternatives to Classics. Almost all students choose the Vernaculars because it exempts them from passing some of the Government examinations. If all on a sudden the Vernaculars be abolished, the present day college students who have begun their studies in pre-university-commission days will find it hard to take up a classical language if they have the misfortune not to complete their degree before the new rules come into force. The Tamil language can boast of an extensive literature and it can hold its own against any classical tongue. The superiority of this language and the necessity of retaining it in the University curriculam has been from time to time pointed out in the columns of your esteemed journal by such eminent scholars and patriots like Prof. Sundaram and others. The University Commission would have done well if instead of doing away with the Vernaculars altogether, students were given the option of bringing up any branch they like. History, mixed Mathematics or a Vernacular language may not be a bad substitute for a classical tongue. Such a course is in vogue in some of the Indian Universities.

The ostensible object of the Commission is to raise the standard of examinations, discourage cramming and the pernicious use of keys and skeletons of text-books. But whether the proposed changes of the Commission will help to realise this object, we cannot be sanguine. To put a stop to cramming the subjects and the text-books prescribed for the examination should be vaster in scope and greater in number so that students may not easily cram. The compartment system to a tolerable extent secured these ends. When this beneficient system prevails students will not be hasty to take up their degree. They master the subjects and have a thorough grasp of the subjects they pass. If the compartment system be abolished and if the students be required to pass in all the subjects all at once and the standard be lowered also, the keys and skeletons of text-books will flourish on account of the encouragement given to them and in their hurry to pass the examinations, students cannot but have recourse to cramming which the Commission so rightly and severely condemns. Should the standard rise, it is the duty of the Government that the compartment system be established in all the provinces and in all the examinations possible. If not, temptations to cramming will be increasing and students will pour forth all undigested and unassimilated facts in the examination hall which they are destined to forget as soon as the ordeal is over. The Commission recommends four, namely, English, Classics, Philosophy and History or Mathematics, in place of the three subjects now brought up, to wit, English, Second language and an optional Science Branch, for the B. A. Degree examination. These subjects have no connection with each other and we don't see any reason why a student who fails in any one subject should bring up those subjects in which he passes also once again. In abolishing this compartment system the Commission defeats the object it has in view. It will be to a great advantage, if this system be adopted in other provinces also. The abolition of the compartment system may not affect other provinces. So we must alone buckle ourselves to the cause and strongly protest against this reformation, rather retrogression of the Commission.

One peculiar aspect of our University, though under some undesirable restrictions, is that private candidates are not prohibited from appearing to University examinations in the Arts course at least. The Commission recommends only the students to appear for the Matriculation in private, if their application is countersigned by an Inspector of Schools. To higher examinations, private students will not be admitted in future. Those who have taken some walks of life and have entered some official career will not hereafter be able to take their degree if they do not put in a course of regular study and attendance in some college or other. In Bengal and Bombay only students and teachers are allowed to appear in private for examinations. But that restriction does not prevail in Madras now and we enjoy some privileges. For what all the Government may say, for many a long day these Universities of India cannot hope to become teaching Universities; they must follow the wake of the London University alone in whose model these were fashioned. Diplomas of merit and degrees should be conferred on all successful candidates in the examinations. Why should a University which to all intents and purposes is merely an examining body, though there are affiliated institutions attached to it, debar private candidates from winning laurels in the University, if they are desirous and fit for them?

One curious rule is that students are not allowed to transfer themselves from one college to another in the middle of their course for any examination. The parents of students, on account of their avocations, may be transported from one place to another and it will not be advisable to part the tender ones from the protection of their parents or their guardians. Changes in the staff and the personal circumstances of students may necessitate a transfer and it is not reasonable to confine them to the college in which they found admission for the whole of their course.

In the constitution of the Syndic and Senate, Madras will be equally affected. The university will lose its independance and will become subservient to the Government. The constitution of the Senate will be

considerably changed whether it is for good or evil it remains to be seen. Considerable powers are vested in the hands of the Syndic and the Director as Vice-chairman becomes a controlling officer all powerful in the Executive Syndic. Affiliation or disaffiliation of colleges, increases of fees, all depend up on the mercy of the Syndic who draw their inspiration from the reports of the Director. Their fiat have no appeal.

It has been thus far pointed out in a short compass the mischievous tendencies of the Commission. In some respects Madras is more concerned and likely to be more affected than other Universities. Let not the people of Madras be beguiled by the mere assertions that people of this province will not be affected by the recommendations of the Commission; and this unwarranted assumption has no foundation whatever. It is high time to submit our memorials and representations to H. E. the Viceroy who has kindly invited our discussion.

A Varsity man.

DICKENS'

"A Tale of Two Cities."

A CRITICISM

BY

M. JIVA RATNAM.

Charles Dickens began the composition of *A Tale of Two cities* in April 1859 and finished it in November of the same year. He was already well-advanced in years and had established his reputation as a novelist. The greater works with which his name and fame are usually associated,—*Pickwick, David Copperfield Nicholas Nickleby,* and *Oliver Twist,*—were being eagerly read by all classes of society, and Dicken's name was exercising a potent influence in the minds of Englishmen. It was after he had earned a name for himself that he began to write those minor stories which were intended to supply the demands of his new venture as a journalist. The first number of his journal *'All the year Round'* contained the earliest instalment of a *Tale of Two cities,* which took fairly seven months for its completion.

In many respects this tale holds a unique position among the novels of Charles Dickens. In it we see special excellences which are generally absent from his more reputed works; and the chief features that distinguish him as a novelist of a high order and contribute most to his success are singularly absent from this. With the single exception of *Barnaby Rudge,* it is the only historical novel Dickens ever attempted to write. 'The storied past' from which the Ariosto of the North drew his inspiration and constructed those skilful narratives of historical romance had no influence on Dickens, and hence his masterpieces are all devoid of that sweet set-off of an historical background. In these two novels he made an attempt to paint the past with a certain amount of success. The absence of plot which certain critics point out as a serious defect that mars the perfection of his noted works is in strange contrast with the well-thought-out story and the single central action of *A Tale of Two cities.* Novels of character as his *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* mainly are, this picturesque story is purely a novel of incident. The most striking difference between this and his other novels seems to be in the entire absence of humour or any attempt at humour. A tone of pathetic seriousness pervades the whole narrative, centers all our attention in one great action and leaves no room for light-hearted humour. It contains no finely-drawn characters, no perfect pictures of real humanity. The distinct humanitarian motives which underlie some of his best novels and account a great deal for their popularity are absent from this tale; and no set purpose of correcting some social evil or effecting some social reform is discernible in this. And finally Dickens' conception of humanity has undergone a great revolution in *A Tale of Two cities* from what it is in his earlier works.

The incidents of the novel are placed on a historical back-ground and the author takes the opportunity of

conveying to the readers an idea of the French Revolution. The terrible calamity that befell France about the close of the 18th century is described with Dickens' characteristic love of *minutiae*; and the succession of events that slowly led to the final burst of storm is drawn with great skill at picturesqueness. The story opens with the description of the condition of England and France a few years before the Revolution. The two countries had, according to the novel, attained the climax of misery and oppression. What with the total insecurity of person and property and daring burglary in broad day-light, what with the 'dreadful' moral condition of the prisons and an unscrupulously Draconian Code that inflicted a universal punishment of death on all manner of crimes, England was in a state of disorder and chaos. France with an ever-increasing national debt and exposed to the tyranny of the priestcraft was slowly and silently preparing the way for the great crisis. Crushed under the overwhelming tyranny of the Nobility for centuries, the people were reduced to extreme poverty; and want and hunger were written on every face. The aristocracy, ever intent on pleasures and wasting money in all luxuries, oppressed the people by over-taxation, never listening to any of their grievances. In their haughtiness they looked down upon the poor with great contempt and treated them little better than dogs and rats. The misery and disorder in France was very great, and in the words of the author France was 'a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness and suffering.'

The misery and oppression under which the people were long suffering at last proved too much for human patience to bear. A feeling of intense hatred grew in the minds of the people and they were biding their time for vengeance. The wrongs they suffered under, daily aggravated their hatred for nobility, power and Royalty. At last the storm broke and claps of thunder announced the spread of devastation everywhere. The afflicted people mad with rage and poverty, seized everything they could lay hold on, and commenced the Revolution. The Bastile was demolished and the prisoners were set free. Royalty and Nobility found themselves translated from their stately mansions and gorgeous palaces to dark chambers and solitary towers. The King of France was tried by the people, found guilty of treason, and condemned to death. The reign of La Guillotine began; death and devastation were spread without pity or remorse and authority tumbled down with a crash. Fire completed what the arms began and the chateau of Monseigneur was burnt down. The old order of oppression, tyranny and hunger gave place to the new of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and in place of a monarchy of absolute power aided by a capricious Nobility, the Republic one and indivisible was firmly established.

It is over this historical setting of the French Revolution that the author has constructed his novel. In all his other works but one, Dickens deals face to face with the hard reality of the present; and the past with its fossils and relics has no charms for him. It is only in this novel that he attempted to draw the past, and even here the awfulness of the terrible times described, gives little charm to the choice of the setting.

Within this historical frame-work rests a skillfully-drawn narrative, the incidents of which extend over a period of 18 years from 1775 to 1793. The characters who play their part in the story are directly and indirectly connected with the French Revolution unlike the other novels of Dickens which contain no definite plot. *A Tale of Two cities* has a comparatively more defined plot where a group of characters act and react upon one another and work towards a single end. The chief passion underlying the story may be said to be love in conflict with hatred, and love is exhibited in more than one of its aspects. But the match is unequal and naturally love triumphs in the end. All the actions of the principal characters are calculated to preserve the married happiness of Lucie. Events so turn out that difficulties rise in the way of her attaining the felicity in its fulness. Charles Darnay, the nephew of the much-detested Marquis Erremonde,

falls in love with Lucie, she returns his love and they marry. Dr. Mannette, her father, who has suffered terrible wrongs at the hands of the marquis and hence has special reasons to hate the Marquis' kinsman Darnay, restrains his feelings even though he recognises him and consents to the marriage merely with a view to promote the happiness of his daughter. Mr. Lorrie who has taken care of Lucie from her infancy, takes all the trouble to recover her aged father from prison and as it were back to life, watches with anxiety the state of Darnay in the French prison and saves the family by undertaking the hazardous flight to England,—all to promote the happiness of Lucie. Sydney Carton, whose love towards her turns into disinterested affection, makes the greatest sacrifice of his life to save her husband and thus preserves her happiness. Even Defarge and Miss Pross, though not with the fulness of their heart,—the former afraid of his wife and the latter not relishing 'Ladybird's' match with any one but her brother Solomon—still show their regard for the happiness of Lucie. Only Madam Defarge is actuated by hatred to ruin Lucie and Darnay; and her followers, vengeance and the Jaques three naturally share her feelings. All these persons, except the last, are impelled by different degrees of love towards Lucie. So in this story are exhibited this passion in its various aspects, simple attachment, devotion, friendship, affection, disinterestedness and love—all different higher or lower forms of that single passion that unites heart with heart and ennobles them both.

The story though skilfully and dramatically conceived, does not reach the height of artistic perfection. There are serious draw-backs in the plot. Mr. Lorry in spite of his boasted fidelity to Tellson's Bank, leaves Paris all at once, at the close of the novel, and gives no word of explanation. Mr. Stryver assists very little in the development of the plot, and he dwindles away as fast as he comes to our notice. Dr. Manette's denunciation becomes applicable to Darnay on the strength of the casual addition of three words, 'and their descendants.' The French nobility had already given up their feudal rights sometime before the Revolution, and Dickens invests them with power till a much later period than they really possessed. And lastly, it is highly inartistic to bring one of the principal characters to a mean end. Madam Defarge is killed by an accident, and this procedure of Dickens, in spite of his refuge in retribution and divine justice as defence, is a serious flaw in the construction of the plot.

The other novels of charles Dickens have been remarked to be wanting in plot and they are at best novels of character. In *Pickwick*, for instance, it is hard to find any single action or incident, extending over a long space, with which the characters are inseparably bound. It contains a world of characters with events quite unconnected with one another. So also, *David Copperfield* is a novel of character. But *A Tale of Two cities* is essentially a novel of incident. As shown above, it has a definite plot and a connected chain of incidents relating to a single action. The characters are bound by the incidents, and the incidents by the characters. In the words of Dickens, he set himself 'the little task of writing a picturesque story, rising in every chapter, with characters true to nature, but whom the story itself should express more than they should express themselves by dialogue. I mean, in other words, that I fancied a story of incidents might be written, in place of the bestiality that is written under that pretence, pounding the characters out in its own mortar and beating their own interests out of them.'

It is plain that Dickens wanted to write a story in which the delineation of character rests more in narrative than in dialogue. In this task he succeeded only partially. Only Sydney Carton and Madam Defarge indulge rather less in dialogue; and their characters are drawn from their actions in the story. As regards the other figures, he can hardly be said to have succeeded in his attempt. Cruncher and miss Pross express themselves by dialogue rather than by their actions. 'To rely less upon character than upon

incidents,' says Forster, 'was for him a hazardons experiment. With singular dramatic vivacity, much constructive art and with descriptive passages of a high order everywhere, there was probably never a book by a great humourist and an artist so prolific in the conception of character, with so little humour and so few rememberable figures.'

It is commonly asked in these historical novels if prominence is to be given to the historical action or to the love story. In fact the one is so closely intertwined with the other that they cannot be separated. From the not very clear lines which Dickens has prefaced to this tale, it appears plausible to attach greater importance to the French Revolution. He says, 'it has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time.' It has after all been only his hope and one of his many hopes and not his principal aim. He has not completely succeeeed in realising his hope and this merely makes the historical picture secondary to something more important. Moreover the real power of a novelist that which gives his works an absorbing pereunial interest is the picture of human nature that underlies and pervades throughout them. 'The romance, the accumulation of historical facts and local coloring are at best accessories, whose interest will vary with the times. The incidents of a civil war and a French Revolution are pleasing at one time and are dismissed as unpleasant at another. As the tastes of men vary in different times, so also history loses or gains interest. But the dealings of human nature is practically the same at all times. 'Men love, and men hate, they are faithful to their promises and they are treacherous, they are sometimes wise and sometimes foolish; they have always been thus and ever will be so. Any number of risings and social disturbances will not affect the elements of human nature and its dealings will be ever interesting. Hence the really prominent position, in virtue of its permanent living interest, should be given to the affairs of humanity; and the love story of Lucie and Darney stands out most prominent, enlumined by the historical setting of the French Revolution.

Another feature that singles out this novel from others of Dickens is the absence of humour. In his larger novels his store of humour never seems to have exhausted. His two qualities of minute observation and the idealisation of special traits have naturally led him to indulge freely in the ridicule of odd and eccentric habits. They seem to be the great source of his humour. It was not because this source was drying up that we see no humour in this tale. In fact, his humour asserts itself with unmistakable vigour in his subsequent longer works. Examples of keen observation are to be met with in every page of *A Tale of Two cities*; and the idealisation of special traits are quite apparent in some of its characters. But the real reason seems to lie in, that he found a liberal indulgence in humour would greatly mar the seriousness that runs through the novel. His object was not to exclude humour entirely; for the brutality of 'honest' Jerry, the laconisms of Miss Pross and the ruggedness of Bully Stryver carry a faint echo of humour. For the hearty vivacity that is commonly met with in *Pickwick,* Dickens found there was no place in it, and the nature of the plot and action gives no room for humour.

On the other hand, a distinct note of pathos and seriousness sounds all through the tale from start to finish. Dr. Manette's misfortunes in prison and his daughter's first meeting with him is pathetically serious. Darnay's trial in England and his misfortunes in France are indeed nothing if not serious and pathetic. Sydney Carton's misused career and his final act of patiently bearing the doom, awake our pathetic admiration. And finally, the terrors of the French Revolution and the spread of the general ruin and conflagration in France affect us with a sense of tragic seriousness. By the side of these awful notes of deep pathos how can it be expected to find the pleasant relief of frolic good-humour?

The characters in this novel are not famous either for variety or depth of conception. 'The best specimens of Dicken's characters,' says Walter Bagehot, 'are immensely less excellent and belong to an altogether lower range of intellectual achievements than the real depiction of actual living men.' They are on the whole, exaggerated personifications passing for ordinary human beings and caricatures of special characteristics. In the wide range of figures drawn by Dickens, extending over several hundreds and representing all shades of human society and all manner of professions, only two, Bill sykes, and Nancy, in the opinion of the same critic, approach the height of artistic perfection and can be called distinctly natural. Characters of this type of delineation, it is vain to seek for, in *A Tale of two cities.* They are on the whole superficial and greatly wanting in depth of conception. You cannot attempt to figure to your imagination the existence of persons depicted in this novel, being simultaneously affected in your passions, will and conscience. With solitary exception, they do not touch the tender chords of human nature. They are on the whole dull and uninteresting and cannot be long remembered.

Perhaps the only character in this novel that is more clearly drawn than the rest, stands more prominent and claims the sympathy and admiration of the reader, is Sydney Carton. He is the combination of deep sympathy, unflinching devotion, love and weakness. He is the noblest example of self sacrifice in the whole range of English fiction. He is unapproached by any creation of art or nature, in this respect. Characters of this type, especially female, no doubt there are many in modern English Fiction; and Jess and Beatrica of H. Rider Haggard are not far behind him either in motive or action. But few male characters are superior to Carton and he stands out unrivalled, single in steadfastness and rare in example.

Sydney Carton is a combination of power and weakness, virtue and vice in one. He is gifted with rare intellectual abilities, but they are rusting under great weakness. He has fallen victim to vice and has wasted his energies. If he had guarded himself from the temptations of the world he would have immensely benefited himself and the world; he would have made a right use of God's bequests and derived pleasure and profit. But he early falls victim to drink. The vice lays a strong hold on him and he wastes his precious gifts. He becomes unmindful of the Future, and even hope flies out of the box. Life becomes uninteresting and a feeling of strange fatalism sweeps him along with the current. He is unable to resist it. He finds no good in this world, except wine. A great desire comes over him, to forget that he belongs to this terrestrial scheme. Now and then his nobler nature asserts itself and his better angel makes him see his position. He struggles hard to correct himself but he is powerless. How desperately he exclaims, 'I care for no man in this earth and no man in this earth cares for me!' In his struggle, he is up one minute, down the next, now in spirits, now in despondency. At last he gives up the content as hopeless, and 'the man of naturally good abilities, and good emotions, incapable of exercising them incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him resigns himself to let it eat him away.' He calls himself an incorrigible fellow, asks no questions and makes no speculations.

While struggling in this manner an unexpected relief comes to him. A ray of light illumines his darkened path, and his darmant soul wakes to life. Emotion touches his mind and love slowly creeps in. In the trial at the Old Baiby, he is the first to notice Lucie's head dropping upon her father's and send the officer to help. When Darney asks him of the state of Lucie, he confidently assures him that she will do well. He quite voluntarily undertakes to carry the message of sympathy from Darney to her. After the trial, when every one is congratulating Darney, he stands aloof leaning against a wall observing Lucie and casts a long glance after her. In the scene in which Carton drinks with Darney love is in full possession of his heart, and by the end of that scene finding that he has a formidable rival in the person

before him for those blue eyes' he comes out in plain language and says, 'you hate the fellow.' But the passion lasts only for a moment. He feels that with his wasted life and misdirected energies he is quite unworthy of her hands, that he not only drives along a steep plane himself, but will drag also an innocent lady to misery and destruction. So he forthwith changes his mind. Love gives place to fervent attachment and devotion and he secretly resolves in his *foro interno* to dedicate his life and all his energies to Lucie and those dear to her. Now that he has defined some purpose for this life, he sees before him 'a mirage of honourable ambition, self-denial and perseverance.' Ever afterwards he works with this purpose in view, and Stryners reiterated counsels to marry, tend to seek Lucie and open his heart to her. After conferring with her, hopes of returning life come to him. Her kindness and confident assurances inspire him with courage, 'kindle his forlorn hopes into active flame and fan them to bright blazing fire.' He reposes his last confidence of life in her and makes a solemn avowal to willingly embrace any sacrifice on her behalf. His future attains still more clearness when he sees the right moment of action arrive. When Darney is thrown in prison and past all hopes of release, when the aged Doctor is quite powerless to save him, strangely enough but with firm deliberation, Sydney Carton utters the words, 'Let the Doctor play the winning game, I will play the losing game,' which may be said to contain the key-note of the novel. It is not without an inward chuckle that he has grasped the situation and seen where his road lies. After the Doctor has played the game in which success was from the first assured, it is now his turn to take part in a hopeless game and come out successful. He sticks to his road and marches on with no more an air of pity, but of pride We all know his destination. It is sacred sacrifice noblest on record, especially when we consider his conciousness of having turned his wasted life to the greatest good, contained in these lines. 'It is a far, far, better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.'

The prominent trait in Sydney Carton's character is self-sacrifice. This quality is inborn in him. In the schrewsbury school when he was a student, he often did exercise for other boys and seldom did his own. He is Stryner's 'memory' and assists him in drawing out the substance of the cases. When he becomes attached to Lucie his natural love of doing good makes him seek her confidence and crave for a special privilege of being admitted whenever he goes to her. When this is granted, his attachment multiplies manifold and he is waiting to embrace an opportunity to repay her kindness. And at last when it comes he gives a noble proof of his inherent good nature. Darney the beloved of Lucie is condemned to death. There is only one way of saving him. Carton sees that if ever he has to show his self-sacrifice, that moment is come. He puts himself in the prisoner's place and voluntarily undergoes the doom to save Luice from misfortune. He is inspired to this heroic act by the satisfaction that his life is at least useful to promote the prosperity and happiness of a family and by the hope that he will hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, and that his name will be long remembered and 'honored of all.'

Charles Darnay possesses a noble nature by birth, but inherits none of the vices of his ancestors. His noble mind recoils at the sight of cruelty and oppression for which his family is responsible. Even though he has not oppressed any man and had not harshly exacted payment of his dues from the poor, still the horror of the deeds that have brought an evil reputation to the family, the suspicions he entertained of his uncle, the marquis, and his aversion to the fast-disintegrating French monarchy made him renounce his social position and seek a voluntary exile in England. There he falls in love with Lucie, marries her and ekes out an honest livelihood as a French tutor. His love towards Lucie is not passionate and blind, but tempered by good sense and proper control.

No doubt he loves her 'fondly, dearly, disinterestedly and devotedly.' But he knows her extreme devotedness to her aged father; and to interfere with their happiness for the sake of his love is, in his opinion, 'baseness." Here he shows his truly noble nature. His married happiness, con'inued activity and the vissicitudes of life that follow one another in quick succession so completely occupy his time that he infinitely postpones his desire of deliberating on the wisdom of his having given up his estate and title in France. Even though he is the friend and sympathiser of the people, yet he has so completly yielded to the force of circumstances at home that he has no time to think of his taking a leading part in a movement for the good of the country. But the entreaties of an old faithful servant, now in peril coupled with his former desire, and his sense of duty to save him from trouble hasten him to make the desperate resolution of going to Paris. Although he knows the then disordered state of France, he thinks he can do some little service to his country by asserting the claims of mercy and humanity and putting a stop to the terrible bloodshed. The sneers of his uncle and those of the people around him sting him to the quick, and the appeal of an innocent prisoner in danger of death, to his honor and good name, make him resolve to cross the channel. With an internal noble nature, with a desire to do good, with a generous mind, with love of duty and justice, with affection of a noble order and sufficient control, and jealous of his honour, Charles Darney mingles the weakness of over-hastiness in thought and action, which often leads him to trouble.

Dr. Mannette plays a chief part in the origin, development and catastrophe of the story. He is an energetic man, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution and vigour of action. The state of mind of the old Doctor who has suffered under a solitary confinement of 18 years in prison for no crime whatever, who has lost all hopes and has given himself up to despair, is most vividly drawn. The picture is so dreadful as to move the reader to utmost compassion. The long imprisonment has told upon him both mentally and physically. His head and beard have become white, eyes haggard and vacant, voice pitifully dreadful. A faintness caused by the disuse of his organs has come upon him. There is nothing natural about him; he is a machine with mere mechanical motion. His mind is all a gap: reason and intelligence have deserted him and he has no memory. When his name is asked he mechanically repeats one hundred and five; North Tower.' When he has, lost all hope and when he has almost forgotten that he belongs to human society, help comes to him miracnlously like rays of light dispelling an eternal gloom. He slowly recovers through the soothing influences of his daughter at the sight of whose lovely face and golden hair, old remembrances of his wife lights up his darkmind. In course of time his mind attains the normal condition. He practises as a doctor and is able to recognise Darnay on closer scrutiny. He continues well, except on a few occasions, when he is troubled, he is distracted, silently walks up and down the room and resorts to his former occupation of shoe making which he has learnt in prison.

It is not in the province of a literary criticism to enter into the deeper questions and ask if the conception of the character of Dr. Mannette is psychologically accurate. Is the peculiar state of mind to which the doctor is reduced after a long imprisonment of 18 years, possible under the conditions described? So far as we are aware, English Fiction presents the nearest parallel in the case of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe who spent 15 years in an uninhabited island. Regarding this point, says Sir Leslie Stephen, 'we may infer, what is probable from other cases, that a man living fifteen years by himself, like Crusoe, would either grow mad or sink into the semisavage condition.' But Crusoe becomes neither mad, nor sinks into savagery. The reason seems to lie in the difference of conditions, that whereas the whole mind of Crusoe was absorbed in providing a few physical necessaries and he was free to roam about as he liked. Dr. Manette was confined to a dark tower from which there was no escape, while his active mind, having

nothing to do, was badly preying upon itself. He had almost forgotten to speak and had reached the verge of madness. But for the shoe-making occupation which relieved him of a great deal of mental worry, he would have turned completely mad. His recovery and subsequent practice at Soho Square strike us as wonderfully sudden and impossible in real life. Whatever may have been the force of the soothing influences brought to bear upon him, we cannot believe that he would have completely recovered, considering the dreadfully pitiable state in which he was. His subsequent resorting to shoe-making in moments of trouble, in spite of the happiness with which he was surrounded and more especially his repeated demands to give him his work, about the close of the tale, though strike as unreal, can be explained by, the happiness he enjoyed for full 18 years has not been, in any way, able to completely submerge his terrible sufferings in prison. On the whole it can be said, that Dickens is to a great extent accurate in his picture of Dr. Manette.

Mr. Lorry is a typical business man with very little of feeling in him. He spends the whole time in 'turning an immense pecuniary mangle,' that he has no leisure for the excercise of his feelings. Calculation has stamped sentiment out of his heart and he is 'a machine' in his own words. He is faithfully attached to the Tellson's Bank and theBank's interest is always his. He shows only pity in his anxieties to keep the Doctor out of worry and trouble, and he never alludes to his sufferings lest they should give him pain.

Miss Lucie Manette is the heroine and the central figure of the novel. It is around her all the incidents of the story turn. She is a timid and tender-hearted girl who, as she grows, increases in tenderness. When she learns that her father is alive she kneels before Lorry. Her mind is not strong enough to hear the story of her father's sad condition. Her tenderness is shown in a clear light in her affection and attachment to her aged father. The picture of her stealing silently into her father's sleeping room the night before her marriage, 'leaning over his face worn with better marks of captivity, kissing his lips, laying her hands on his breast and praying that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be and as his sorrows deserved,' is most touching and beautiful. It eloquently expresses her filial devotion. We do not know anything about her relations with Darnay beyond the fact that she loved and married him. Her kindness is seen in her asking Darnay to show greater consideration to Carton, and treat him with more respect. She feels compassion for his wasted life and earnestly asks him to reform.

Madam Defarge is a stout woman of strong and fearless character, of a shrewd and ready sense, of great determination and composure of manner. In her face are stamped firmness and animosity, with a brooding sense of wrong growing with her years, she is a tigress with absolutely no ray of pity. She is the most implacable and dreadful figure in the novel and her husband, a hot-tempered wine-shop keeper is greatly afraid of her and practically under her influence.

Of the minor characters, 'the honest tradesman' Jerry Cruncher and Miss. Pross claim some notice. The latter is a simpleton who allows herself to be cheated by her brother Solomon, but yet wishes he should marry Lucie. She is laconic in her speeches and has a tendency to exaggerate. She would not befriend anybody if no practical benefit to her were to come out of it. Jerry is an unscrupulously impious being with a dreadful secret which he fears would one day come out.

It is the absence of a definite purpose, that accounts why this tale, in spite of a plot and dramatic conception, has not attained a popularity as great as his other novels did. The novels of Charles Dickens have been called, 'Novels with a purpose.' He was the exponent of humanitarian movement that began all over the civilised world about the beginning of the 19th Century and whose impulses were chiefly felt in

England, to uproot slavery, to reform the prisons and to assert the rights of suffering humanity. Dickens was the friend of the poor and did all he could to remedy the evils under which they suffered and to elevate them by speaking and writing by presiding over reform meetings and appealing to the hearts of the people in his novels. The tyranny of the rod in schools, the sufferings of the poor in work houses, and lawlessness in prisons, he painted in his Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist and other novels and called for immediate reform. But in *A Tale of Two Cities*, he pointed out no evil and advocates no reform. At the same time it cannot be denied that he teaches a sound moral lesson. From his endeavour to correct the common-place social evils of a particular time that affect only a portion of human society, he rises up to preach a sound moral lesson, serviceable at all times and to all humanity in general, and illustrates it by means of a practical example. 'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord, 'he that believth in me, though he were dead, yet shall ye live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.' This is the text of his sermon. He conveys through Sydney Carton the same doctrine which nineteen hundred years ago, that poor son of a Nazerath carpenter taught, by laying down his life, for the people whom he loved so well, namely, "It is faith and faith alone that leads on to higher and nobler things in this world; and it is faith and faith alone that leads one to the next."

Dickens' conception of man has undergone a revolution in *A tale of two cities*. He seldom fails to invest his characters with some one touch of eccentricity or other. In his opinion, men are mere bundles of humours, distinguishable from one another by some special kind of oddity which is not the same in all. He is like the keeper of a menagerie, who brings out one animal after another on the stage, makes them play their pranks and amuses the spectators by exciting their laughter. Dickens' one aim is to amuse the audience and when he has made sufficient provision for it he is satisfied. The immense complexity of the human mind with its rich diversity of fancies, motives and emotions has no meaning for him; and he is like a traveller who returns satisfied at having seen the portals of a beautiful city without ever having had so much as a peep inside. But in *A tale of two Cities* he quite unconsciously peeps a little into the unseen. He catches sight of a few spikes and towers and trees to represent them. He has understood that man is something more than a mere 'bundle of humours' that he has something unperishable in him which sways his feelings and actions and that he should yearn for something more noble and eternal than the transitory shadows of things earthly. In seeing this he in the words of a critic in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, has stepped from the region of Scott into that of Shakespeare. Be it ever so little, it is significant. But even here he is not completely rid of his earlier notions. With the complimentary epithet of Jackal bestowed upon the heroic figure of Sydney Carton and with the unscrupulous comparison of Jerry to a monkey, with these in our minds, it must be confessed that he errs unconsciously into the right path.

The Novel contains many descriptive passages of a high order. The events of the French revolution and the tyranny of the nobility in France are drawn with great vividness. The description of the stormy evening in Soho is beautiful. The Sketch of Dover and the condition of St Antoine before and after the storm apart from their veracity, show great skill or description. But on the whole, none of these can pretend to rank with his really fine specimens, for instance with the picture of the death-scene in *Dombey and son* or with Pickwick at the review and his chase after his hat.

Charles Dickens has, in the construction of this novel, blended the two elements of the Real and the Ideal. In the history of the development of English fiction he occupies the period of realistic reaction between Scott and Thackeray. The romances of Sir Walter Scott have made him an idealist of a high order. He is real only so far as every other novelist ought to be, in his fidelity to nature for the portrayal

of scenes and character. Dickens who succeeded Scott and preceded Thackeray shares naturally the disposition of both. He is real and at the same time ideal. His idealism does not reach the extreme of chivalrous romance and knight-errantry. 'The difference between romance and idealism', says Mr. Cross, 'can be best understood by bringing' into juxtaposition any one of Scott's novels and *A tale of Two Cities*'. Elements of idealism to be found everywhere in *A Tale of Two Cities*. The picture of the French Revolution which in the opinion of Mathew is *incorrect*, the depiction of an unnatural type of a Marquis, the discription of the poverty of the people of St. Antoine, which is plainly incredible and the surprisingly rapid recovery of the Doctor, all border on the unreal. Even the conduct of Sydney Carton who without any clear motives gives up his life, urged by an innate propensity to do good, is something angelic, unheard of and seldom seen in real life.

With his natural proneness to exaggeration of which there is a legitimate share in *A Tale of Two Cities,* Dickens is clearly ideal in its characters and incidents. But his idealism is not without a tinge of realism in it. He always sees things through a manifying glass. His descriptions and characters, stript of their over-growth of fancy and imagination are nothing but real pictures. Every thing he has described, the Mail Coach, the Revolution, the French Noble, the Banking house etc. are of course suggested by actual state of things, and the characters most of them, though not deeply conceived, are yet natural and drawn from the real life. His physiognomy of the French workman, according to Prof. Ward is remarkably accurate. He might perhaps be entirely real, if he had been less anxious for it. So, in trying to be too real he goes to the opposite extreme of ideal.

In conclusion it is well to fix the place which this tale occupies among the novels of Charles Dickens. For depth and variety of character, a store of striking situations and an inexhaustible fund of humour, it is certainly inferior to *Pickwick*. It has no autobiographical interest and no faithful reproduction of a particular age as *David Copperfield* has. In point of a definite purpose, an attempt to correct the social and political evils of the times, it cannot be compared with *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. As an interesting little story, in which the domestic life of a few simple private people is interwoven with the outbreak of a terrible public event, as a dramatically drawn work of much constructive art and as an attempt at sounding the complex mysteries of human nature it deserves a special place. We may add what was said by an American critic: 'Its portrayal of the noble natured castaway makes it an almost peerless book in modern literature, and gives it a place among the highest examples of literary art. There is not a grander, lovelier figure than the self-wrecked, self-devoted Sydney Carten in Literature or History. And the story itself is so noble in its spirit, so grand and graphic in its style, and filled with a pathos so profound and simple that it deserves and will surely take a place among the great serious work of imagination.

M. JIVA RATNAM.

JOSEPH SASTRY.

The Translation of Harihara Sastry into Joseph Hariharan.

OR

The Story of a Student Brahmin-Convert.

CHAPTER. I.

Domestic food is wholesome though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous though tasteful.

The French Courtezan.

ONE eventful evening in the life of our young hero, a respectable gentleman whose countenance bore the stamp of seemingly three score was leisurely lounging on a reclining chair in the spacious hall of the second story of a handsome house, considered to be the best in the pretty large and thickly populated Indian Village it was located in. Hoisted up in his hand wavered a newspaper held topsy-turvy; far off fixed his eyes most thoughtfully to the ceiling, bespoke a heavy heart within. There stood before him a lady of middle age with downward looks cast frowningly on the floor while rested her left hand on a table that bent beneath a few bundles of respectably worn sheets of paper besides an old Office-box with "R. NATESA SASTRY, B. A.," painted thereon. He was evidently conversing with her on some momentous matter.

"Ay!——Ay!" said Mr. Natesa Sastry with unusual resolution assuming at once as if automatically lifted up an erect sitting posture and hauling in a lungful of air, "I have, my dear, made up my mind to send

Hariharan to the metropolis ere the season grows a fortnight older, and in time to meet the opening of the college."

"What," interrogated Kamalam shaking off her limbs as if the words had paralised them and standing straight, "Send him alone?"

"Yes," he answered agitatingly "yes——for the present we cannot risk residing in town nor can we—"

"Does your *we* include *me* also? What! to live far from my darling! I——I——I can't"

As she stammered the words, her right hand caught up the skirt of her *Sari* hanging in loose-elegance about her body and sponged off the briny dewy drops that had already begun to collect about her sparkling eyes that threatened a heavy shower should any thought more upon the subject flash further in her mind. After a painful pause she calmly continued in an earnest imploring voice:

"Let him be content with such education and instruction as this village affords and let not for anything his educational enterprises extend beyond our fire-side, however petty and poor it may prove."

The seriousness that sat on his brow when he first introduced the topic seemingly subsided; and was visible in its place a warm wish to run the subject through a calm consideration and submit if possible to the anatomy of argument with the *proviso* as their out-come a result must once for all be recorded and acted up to.

"We are living," spoke Mr. Sastriar persuadingly in attainment of the aforesaid object, "We are living unfortunately at a time when English education has become the sole end and aim of every one—the strong-struggled-for salvation of every mortal in this nether world. Will not our son, therefore, curse me if I myself should shut against him the gates of such a salvation?——Ah! that's what pains me most."

Kamalammal pondered puzzlingly. The metaphor had, it seemd, proved too hard for the digestion of her delicate intellect; while the truth, his bitter experience had searched and sifted up was beyond her belief. As leeches and the like halt at each remove and store strength to advance, the pause Kamalammal caused armed her with improved energy to encounter the conversation.

"Curse you!" echoed the fair stepping a few paces in front. "Why should he? Have you not already taught him the divine literature that had enthroned our fathers in lasting fame? Let him therefore remain with us in the village and continue to imbibe that to his fill which *you* have only tasted. Spare his tongue from the pollution that a study of that vile language will stain with. God has fortunately placed us in more congenial circumstances; my son may therefore be, as he is, a little prince. He has not to hang upon his relations, nor woo exertions for bread. Why then do you wish to burden him with a foreign education. The wind—the life-less wind—is more steady than your mind. Scarcely had a couple of weeks gone by, since has the subject been well ventilated by a detailed discussion. I remember how you nodded approval at the time and even went to the length of crediting my sex with some sense! Alas for the thousand-and-oneth time does this stale story stare on us."

"Patience! Listen to me, my dear, yes, it is as you say a twice-told tale; but it is of such a weighty nature that we cannot afford to trifle with it. Every thing must be done betimes. To have a bow-like bough we must bend the *twig* and not the *tree*. Ten years hence our boy cannot, even if he will, learn a single syllable. How can we let slip this golden opportunity and rear a dunce of him? How proudly you speak of our wealth! It must aid him to obtain the best education rather than prevent him from possessing it."..

In truth for want of a healthy purse my parents denied me the benefit of a law-course and deprived me of being a successful *Vakil*. Soon after my graduation the maintenance of the family sat heavy on me and drove me to the necessity of accepting a fifteen rupee post in the Collectorate. Ah! what were the humiliations of the place. How would I have preferred the horrors of a hell! How I shudder at the bare thought of them. Being a novice I was often over-burdened with the work of the idle clerks. A part of my paltry pay went to enrich the head clerk's purse to silence his cruel-complaining tongue. How often have I been sworn at and loaded with heavy reproaches, and all, only for having gone perhaps a few minutes beyond the time, or copied a document slowly or given room for corrections therein. Many were the times I was threatened with dismissal. Oh, my dear! Such were the rungs of the ladder, I patiently laboured up through. How warmly I wished in those dreadful days to be freed from the drudgery.

In the few moments I was able to snatch from the thraldom of the desk, I designed plans to bring up my son——if ever I should be blessed with one—— for, so hopeless I was at the time—to one of the 'learned professions' and my inclinations interested themselves in the study of law. A quarter of a century has rolled by. My present circumstances—thank God for them——favour the realisation of those long cherished hopes which I once despaired to be no bettor than dreams. But it is evident you will not——."

"Those hard days have died" spoke the lady in a conquered tone "and with them bury your schemes since they have been the creations of an idle or vexed brain."

"Nay! call them not so. Believe me, Kamalam, Riches have wings; the more ignorant and unaquainted with the real worth of them we are, the sooner will they fly away from us. How will his stay in town affect us, is what I can't comprehend. Set aside your blind womanly love for him and spare him for better things. Is it not the love I bear for him and the interest I have taken for his future peace and prosperity that prompt me to adopt such a proceedure, however uncongenial it may appear to you. You see, therefore, my affection for him is no less warm than yours. Bid farewell, my dear, for all these vain altercations and anxieties."

"Why then should you take me into your consultations at all? Act up to your own views and send your son over the waves to London. What has this wretched woman, the sport of your whims and wits, to do with it. Neither you nor I, why none among the mortals, can deface the writ of Fate on that poor child's head; of what avail will, therefore, be my intercession on his behalf? Oh! How would I wish he was not at all born! Why as for that myself a burden of the earth—a disapprover of your designs. Alas! Fate! Have mercy on me and on that only child. Pray inflict on me no more of this unwelcome and tedious topic. It is so grating on my ear—so freezing my heart and so benumbing my senses. And you, as his father, are at unlimited liberty to experiment your schemes on him and submit him to unspeakable sufferings. As for me how gladly would I woo the woes of a wilderness to burn the rest of my......"

"Patience poor woman! There is no use of sighing—one of the most conspicuous characteristics of your sex. Muster your courage and leave the future to God. He, the Lord of the universe, the Parent of the peasant and the prince and the mighty Dispenser of destinies, will guard and guide our son wherever he be. Does He not feed the frog buried in the bosom of a rock or warm the animals inhabiting the far frozen north? Why don't you resign, therefore, all apathies and anxieties anchoring down in your heart in His healing helping hands? Don't torment yourself with fancied ills, nor be pleased with airy good. Behave like a mother and plead not like a fool."

"It is easier even for a fool to philosophise than for a sage—........"

The further utterance of Kamalammal was inaudible checked by the sudden appearence of her only son who just then returned from the day's thraldom of book birch and master.

He was a sprightly youth of about fifteen with a handsome appearence and engaging manners. He was too sober, clever, and intelligent for his years and had a fund of gentle humour, sharp wit, and curious information with which he entertained even the most unwilling grey heads of the place, so much so, that he was looked upon by elderly men as a prodigy and adored by boys of his age as an oracle. And was it often said of him: he

"Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble in his discourse".

His exterior was no less attractive. His soft snowy face reflected a soul pure and pious within and a heart kind and courageous. The deep dark eyes glowed with intelligence and caution. His glossy curling hair supplemented his beauty, while his several symmetrical features bore testimony to the high artistic and aesthetic attitude of the marvellous Maker.

No sooner had Hariharan (for, it was his name) entered the room than he perceived with his natural keenness the unusual melancholy and disturbed looks on the faces of his parents. His joyful countenance suddenly changed, a serious doubt darkened his smiling face. Fearing that the boy—in their estimation a child—might also be infected with what then prevailed in the room, "come my darling!" said Kamalammal, as she hastened with Hariharan out of the room: "and tell me what you were taught to-day and leave your father alone as he is busily planning schemes to realise his old dreams."

The words "schemes" and "dreams" referred to by his mother struck hard the chord of agitation in the unmatured mind. He focussed, however, all his wit to decipher them as his mother hurried with him on to the terrace.

The darkness that intervened the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon slowly vanished. Fair Luna spread her snowy *Sari* on flowery fields and crystal currents, on temple towers and crumbled cottages, and on high hillocks and verdant valleys. The circling stretches of paddy-fields, rich with ripe corn, and set rocking by the gentle zephyr looked like a silent sea of gold. In the distant lake that lay sleeping, and on whose glassy surface was reflected the moon's unsteady disc, the wanton fishes leapt up now and then, like the sudden jerkings of the limbs produced by the deep emotions of midnight dreams. The waters in the long and winding rill, that guarded the northern frontier of this lovely village, flowed murmuring like pilgrims, who, afraid of the summer sun perform their destined journey by moon-light, and chat on to cheat the weary way. The currents that ran kissing the banks and filling the small openings and touching the drooping branches seemed to linger, where they could, to escape the general doom of being hurried on and lost in the eternal deep. It was altogether a lovely sight; and both animate—save the thief—and inanimate nature here below richly enjoyed what Phoebe generously bestowed on them that evening.

Mrs. and Master Natesa Sastry sat reclining on a slab in the moon-lit third story of their superb mansion. After a few formal questions Kamalammal found herself too agitated to continue the conversation any longer, though she wished very much to divert the young mind. The sensitive lad smelt her uneasiness. The moon shone in vain upon them, nor did they note the gentle breeze that fanned them softly.

The feelings of doubt and dismay were so wound up in his bosom that a continuous compression was considered neither permissible nor possible, which prompted therefore, his heart to leap unconciously on his tongue:—

"Are you indisposed to-day, mamma?" inquired the child in a faltering tone. "Why then this cessation, this breach in our daily programme; you did not, as you would, enliven me with a story or two to shorten these evening hours. What should have cast you, as you seem to be, in such a gloomy gulf of grief?"

There was a strong struggle in Kamalammal to suppress suddenly the sorrow which she thought lay sufficiently concealed from her son. With the haste, natural in men who speed to offer an apology if their guilt were discovered, she poured forth:—

No, my child, nothing of the kind. I was thinking all the while what would interest you most and teach you the best moral; but comes the story of "How dishonesty succeeded where honesty failed" for this evening's narration". With no more words either as explanatory or preparatory she introduced the following fable:—

"In days long gone by——.

No story is of recent birth; all belong to the golden age" interposed the young critic—

In days long gone by, in the ancient town of Thirukodanthy there dewelt, with her only son Govind, Savitri a woman of *Komatti* community. She lost her husband ere her summers had completely flown by. To her brother, a merchant of the place she consigned the care of the education and instruction of her son. The boy had in him, in conformity with his caste, frugal habits and speculative dispositions. The young widow was irresistably inclined to walk her son in the foot prints of his father. In pursuance of the woman's wish, Govind, when man-hood dawned on him started a small trade, kept a shop of sundry articles. Being a raw hand he failed in a few months. He began another with a fresh capital and hoped against hope, of regaining his lost wealth. The second was no better than the first. He met with the same fate in all his mercantile enterprises and grew poorer by each failure which at last stranded him in a state where he had to struggle hard for his very existence. Sanguinary and speculative as our hero, was he struck upon a more solid scheme; and pledged the few ornaments that survived the pecuniary wreck. With the money thus raised he bought a firm-knit good looking goat."

"Ah! you unfortunate **Komatti**, you bought after all a *Goat*, what to do with it? Funny—indeed—curious"—with these incoherent expressions exclaimed Hariharan and his smile stretched itself into a loud laughter.

"He brought home and grew it fatter fed with the grass in the common and the green leaves of the trees on the Local Fund Road known now as such.

He went early every morning to the Cauvery, washed his person and his companion and most religiously besmeared his body and that of the goat with the sacred ash in stripes of three while his lips quivered as if *Mantrams* flowed out through them. Shutting his eyes he stood speechless with the animal by his side facing the rising sun. This done, he rounded the sacred *Aswatha ? Ficus religiosa*.

No *Shastra*, no principle of any religion, extant or extinguished, advocated the action of this curious ceremony. The regular repetition of such an ununderstandable observance puzzled the public and inspired awe and admiration. In the same city lived a wealthy *Vellalah* woman who had long remained childless in spite of various prayers and pilgrimages and rites and repentances. During her daily baths she saw Govind and his curious companion and took them for divine creatures at whose hands her complaint might reap redress. She craved, therefore, for an interview with the supposed S*adhu*. Thus it chanced that Govind was one day alone with his goat, when approaching most reverentially she prostrated at his sacred feet and in a pitiable voice tuned out her melody. Govind's heart heaved with joy. The time he longed for was come —come most unexpectedly and amorously the tide of fortune after an awefully long absence. With all ceremonial calm and composure of a genuine *Yogee* the cunning *Komatti* opened his eyes and surveyed the fair feminine figure standing before him in a pious posture with doubt and distress darkening her brow. "I know what brought you here," spoke the counterfeit very majestically, "Take this heavenly creature and keep him with you for forty days and you will obtain the consummation of your desire. He is a divine gift of a *Rishi* and as a proof of my gratitude I have promised him two thousand *Pagodas*."

This said he shut his eyes and sunk more ostentatiously into his mysterious meditation. Puffed with the hopes of a promised cure the patient ran home and returned with the money. The jingling sound of the silver threw open his eye-lids and flooded his heart with joy. With much pretended reluctance he received the price and in return gave the goat with profuse blessings. He could no longer live there. Forty days more his deceit will be discovered, when disgrace and distress shall await him, and to escape them the necessity of forsaking his home was imperative. He safely secured the ill got-wealth round his waist and speeded on in search of a new settlement. At one time he crossed a river, at another a wild 'waste expanding to the skies' and until at last his eyes encountered the frightful sight of a tigress. After a short service his heels failed him and his heart was shrouded in sorrow. The fear of death hovered over him. He ran round a big palmyra. The beast pursued her prey. He felt the warmth of her breath blowing on his back. Driven by deep despair, the knave by a dexterous manipulation caught firm the two fore-legs of his opponent as the tree stood between them protecting him from imminent danger. His right hand linked to her left, her left linked to his right, was just enough to gird the stem of the tree. In this unpleasant position they placed round and round till the hard saw-like exterior of the bark clothing the stem striking against the skin of the animal tamed her fury and loosened the hold of the purse that girt the manly waist and the silver therein was strewed down on the track. A healthy —no less wealthy—Mahamodan happening to ride that way was surprised at this strange scene. He got down and enquired the cause of this peculiar proceedure. Govind came with another oppurtunity to display his deception and made the following reply :—

"Oh! Saheb, a curious animal ten rounds with her— there drops a coin—a costly coin from the neck, there from the bleeding part. Look down, the harvest of my toil, but tired I am."

The *Saheb* :—Will you leave her then to me?

Govind (glad at heart) :—No—Not at all?

The *Saheb*:—I say take all the money grouud down by you.

Govind:—Add your horse to the bargain.

The Saheb a little hesitated; but the hope of possessing a powerful profit by the transaction dawned on him and he wasted no time in nodding full consent. The Mahamodan who fell a victim to the treachery of our hero hastily took hold of the tigress's hands. Govind mounted up and galloped off with joy and triumph. Evening set in; Govind got in a village and sought the house of a rich prostitute for shelter which was for a few *Pagodas* to be had. He asked the permission of the mistress to bring the horse into the house for the night and had it. About midnight when slumber steeped the lady's senses in unconciousness he stole from his bed and buried the *Pagodas* he had,

in the dung he found near his horse. An hour afterwards he awoke the mistress and requested her to wash off the dung with a pot of water which she did and found most amazingly a heap of silver. She persistently persuaded him to part with the horse and bid his best price for the same. He frowned at first at the very idea, but her repeated requests wrung out consent. The sale secured him 500 *pagodas* more. He left her instructions that, should the dung contain no coin to apply pressure to the stomach of the horse and went on his way with a heavier purse and a guiltier conscience. He reached safe at last a village remote from his own town, took up lodgings and wedded a wife. But he was not allowed long to enjoy the sweets of his new home, for his victims, the *Vellalah* woman who paid heavily for a goat, the Mahamodan who after a time saw nothing but the tigress drop down dead and the prostitute, who, in obedience to his prescription squeezed the stomach and killed the animal which yielded no silver, all came and demanded payment. He invited them to his house, in their presence called in his mother, who was then very old, strewed some sacred ashes on her, and threw her up on to the terrace by one side; down jumped suddenly a girl in her teens richly decorated with ornaments by another. This contrivance greatly confused them. He said that the convertion of an old woman into a young wealthy girl was due to the virtue of the ash he owned. They were very willing to receive the ash for the money due. Each hastened home where each had a very old mother to experiment upon."

Hariharan burst out into a boistrous laughter and exclaimed :—"I guess what the result was. Ah! each committed the cruel crime of murdering their own mother. Is it not?"

" Of course the result grieved them much and kindled afresh their wrath. With a cry of vengeance they came up to him, bound him hand and foot and enclosed him in a big bag without paying heed to his remonstrances. The three carried him on their heads, thought to put a period to his roguery by casting him off into the ocean. On their way they halted at a place to satisfy their hunger and bore down the burden. Each in turn asked the other to stay and watch the bag, but union is scarcely to be found among the Hindus, and the result was Govind was left to himself. He saw through a hole an old shepherd standing at a short distance and shouted out to him. He came and was asked to untie the bag, the hand and the foot. Having done so, the shepherd who was a hunchback inquired why he was packed so.

Govind:—Am I now alright? I was like yourself a hunchback before this.

No sooner had the old patient heard those words than he himself entered into the bag and requested him to bind as was formerly done. This added another rose to the vile victorious wreath he originally wore. The Mahamodan with the others found the bag safe in the place it was left at, carried it and threw it in the sea to their greatest joy."

"How innocence suffers," said Hariharan, "while gilt triumphs. A very bad world it is. Well what became of the Komatti?"

"On their way back from the sea they met him and thought he was armed with some supernatural power to escape as he has done, even death. Thus you see how dishonesty succeeded where honesty failed."

The story ceased, the thoughts of the evening conversation rushed into her mind again and there a solemn silence reigned supreme once more.

It was past eight; Mottai, the old cook, having done his kitchen-work waited every moment the arrival of the master and mistress who, he probably thought, had been out. The vessel of water, left for Sastriar's *Sandiavanthanam* which would always be punctually done at seven, lay untouched. There was not a stir in the house; an awful calm prevailed. He then went upstairs and where to his great surprise, saw mother and son for the first time hold, as it were, a vow of silence; his presence was unnoticed; he feared to disturb them and stole himself back. Even the old grandmother, the mother of Kamalammal, whom rheumatism generally kept awake all night was then found snoring.

Mr. Sastriar at last, by an effort, left his dejected seat and performed though late, his evening ablution. He then asked his servant for his son and wife who were accordingly called for. The leaves were spread and they wasted no time in sitting down to them. The gloomy occupants of their mind had so blunted the usual sharpness of their appetite, that heaps of victuals and eatables were left laden on their leaves to conform the truth. Supper was thus over and the elders retired.

Hariharan sat, as usual, book in hand to learn his lessons but his heavy heart often drew his attention

away, and he desired to drown his uneasiness in a sound sleep. Throwing aside his book he soon resigned himself to the embrace of Morpheus.

While the interior of the house assumed such an unwelcome aspect there waited without Mr Krishnamachariar and Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer to timely take their places in the *Conversazione* that would engage them an hour or so preceding the period of slumber. Messrs. Natasa Sastry, Krishnamachariar, and Ramaswamy Iyer clung to one common nativity—the Indian village whence springs out our plot. Their official retirement had buried them in the quietude of a country life after many summers of laborious toil in the tumult of a town. Childhood saw them sport together, youth watched them sit in the same bench and study, but man-hood murmured that official atmosphere had dissembled them, and age, however, assembled them to enjoy their well procured pensions in calmness and contentment.

"Well! Ramu," enquired earnestly Mr. Krishnamachariar, while his left hand rounded his big pumpkin-like belly which the supper had swollen to its utmost capacity and the teeth, the tongue and the lips with their combined efforts had chewed the pan and the betel, "what detains Natesan so long within? Is the old chap captivated by his wife's bewitching charms? I wonder!"

"Kamalam! is she not the third wife?" responded Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer as he spread his *dhothi* over his bony body that had hitherto been bare and drew nearer his chair "Two have died. Is in't"

At this stage appeared on the scene a tall person with a flowing beard and work-worn limbs, having a dyed piece of cloth covering the cropped head more "inclined on baldness" and a pair of eyes that lacked lustre, and whispered to them that a dialogue between the master and the mistress in the evening had upset the usual tranquility. This informant was no other than Mahamud Kadhar, the most fearing and faithful servant of Mr. Sastriar on whose kindness and courtesy some five-and-twenty years' crimeless and continuous chain of service fastened the greatest claim and consideration. This intelligence was no less sad than true. Since slumber had stolen on their senses they sought their homes postponing inquiry for the morrow.

We have introduced, save Kadhar, two more prominent persons one Iyengar (Chariar) and one Iyer. Who they are, what they are, and why are they come within the pale of our plot with other detailed descriptions deemed deserving, shall be seen sprinked and scattered over the pages of the succeeding chapters.

M. HARI SANKAR.

(*To be Continued*).

REVIEWS.

:o:

SOME TAMIL BOOKS.

"போர்கீரன் மனைவி" is a Tamil novel and is no unwelcome addition to the slender body of the literature of that kind that at present exists in Tamil. The work is a free rendering of an English Novel; the translation reflects great credit on the author, Mr. P. V. Sabapathy Mudaliar, who commands a simple flowing Tamil style, while the general get up of the book (which is published by Mr. Vaikunda Nadar) leaves little to be desired. The Novel is full of daring situation, thrilling incidents, and perilous adventures; and the plot, sufficiently complex, sustains the interest of the reader to the end. While encouraging Mr. Mudaliar to follow up this first work of his by other novels and stories, we would fain recommend him to choose for translation novels of a healthier class than that to which Reynolds's Soldier's wife belongs.

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We owe an apology to Mr. V. M. Swamy, B.A., for not noticing earlier his interesting contribution to Tamil philosophical literature, "Samarasa Gnana Chandrika" (சமரச ஞானசந்திரிகை). The aim of the work is worthy of all praise; and any attempt to remove from religious and philosophical discussion the mischievous spirit of sectarianism and to help the different Hindu sects and schools of philosophy to understand and sympathise with each other better must be always welcome. The author tries to expose to our view the rock-bed of truth that underlies various sects and religions, brushing aside all those accretions which time, the ignorance, and the passions of men throw over and conceal it. The "Chandrika" deserves the attention of Tamil readers and student of philosophy; and is written in a style that is by no means wanting in elegance or strength. The get-up of

the book is all that can be desired as is usual with all books printed by the enterprising firm of Messrs. Thompson and Co.

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Another of the same author Mr. V. M. Swamy's works is "Ratnamalika" (a garland of catechetical gems). Various questions that may suggest themselves to the mind of an enquiring Hindu are taken up and discussed; and the author, especially when discussing problems of religion, displays no small ability and fertility of thought. We congratulate the author on these two works; but we hope in future he will find his way to writing in simpler Tamil so that his works may find and appeal to a larger circle of Tamil readers.

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IN the present issue of the **Deepika** appears the first chapter of the story of a student Brahmin convert under the title of "**Joseph Sastry**", the translation of '**Harihara Sastry**' into '**Joseph Hariharan**' contributed by Mr. M. Harisankar of Trichinopoly. The story is very interesting and depicts a true picture of the characters that appear in the story. The story appears in parts in our Journal.

But as the thread of the story will be interrupted if published at long intervals, we intend bringing it out in a neat handy volume containing about 160 pp. Double crown 16 mo. before the end of November 1902. The price per copy is 12 annas. Those who wish to have it may apply to the Publisher '*Siddhanta Deepika*', 161. Broadway Madras.

The Nrisimhaprasad Hariprasad Buch Metaphysics Prize.

—:o:—

1. "The Nrisimhaprasad Hariprasad Buch Metaphysics Prize" of the value of Rupees 200, shall be awarded annually for the best thesis by a University graduate in accordance with the subjoined conditions.

2. Competitors shall be graduates in Arts of any of the Universities of India (Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Allahabad and Punjab) of not more than ten years standing from the date of their first receiving any degree, on the day prescribed for the sending in of the thesis.

3. Competition theses will be written in the English language on the subject appointed for the current year, and shall be sent in by the writers to the Principal of the Central Hindu College, Benares, on or before the 1st day of January. Each thesis shall be sent in a sealed cover together with a declaration that it is bona-fide the writer's own composition, and also an affidavit countersigned by a local Judicial Officer, or by the Principal of the College or Colleges with which the competitor has been connected in the past, to the effect that the competitor is a strict teetotaler and vegetarian.

4. The subject of the Essay shall be selected, each year, from the Philosophies of the East and the West by the Managing Committee of the Central Hindu College and notified not less than 12 months before the day fixed for sending in the theses.

5. The Judges shall be two in number and shall be nominated by the Managing Committee referred to above. Their decision shall be announced on the last day of March, three months after receipt of the theses.

6. The Prize-money will be forwarded to the successful competitor immediately after the announcement of the decision.

7. The Prize shall not be awarded unless the Judges pronounce an Essay worthy of it.

8. Should a year pass without the Prize being awarded the interest of the Endowment then remaining unexpended shall be spent as the Board of Trustees, Central Hindu College, shall think best fitted for furthering the object and purposes of the Endowment.

SUBJECT FOR 1902.

(*The Essay to be sent in by January 1st,* 1903.)

"The Philosophy of the Purāṇas—to be worked out in one or more of the 18 Purāṇas."

BENARES: 31*st Dec.* 1901.

ARTHUR RICHARDSON,
Principal, Central Hindu College.